

Letter from Eliza Symonds Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, December 10, 1876, with transcript

P. O. Box 518, Brantford, Ont., Can., Home, December 10th, 76. (No envelope) My dear Aleck,

Your letter of the 1st, of December and card of the 4th, with the welcome news concerning V. S. I shall have Papa to answer. I am so glad the intrinsic value of V. S. has been recognized and acknowledged, without any more pointing out. The Japanese student is we hope your pupil. I am glad that you have at length explained who Mr. Watson is, you write of giving him a key to your sleeping room, but I hope it is not the key, and that you are able to let yourself out if need be, without Mr. W's aid. Otherwise it would not be safe for you, in case of fire. We have been horrified by the account of this dreadful calamity at Brooklyn, have you any friends there? You say "Mr. Hubbard and family are expected home about the 8th". Do you mean to Washington or Boston? If the latter, perhaps we may see you at home at Christmas after all. The weather here is fearfully cold, thermometer below Zero last night, and not much above it during this day. Papa walked into Town yesterday, and had a fall while walking home in the evening. He bruised his thigh, which is both sore and stiff today. When he came in he said "we really do not know what the cold is up here". The moment you enter the gate you seem to be in another climate. Mary had been in Town for two or three days, but returned 2 this morning. She said the water was frozen hard in all their bed rooms last night. There was not a sign of it in ours. Your Uncle David's is a very cold house. A letter from Lewis mentioned your Uncle Edward having gone to Edinburgh but that Frances remained in London. Carrie and Mrs. Ottaway were with us on Thursday, all are well or rather were then. They set off home in a hurry to avoid a snow storm, and we hope they got safely home. I shall not like Papa to go out again alone in slippery weather, for another time he might hurt himself more seriously. I hope you are careful, and also that you are wearing flannels. I am rather doubtful about the latter, as

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several flannel articles of yours are at home. I am glad too that you have a companion in Mr. Watson. I have been reading a pamphlet that has interested me very much. It belongs to Lillie's husband who left it at your Uncle's for them to read, and we got it from them. I should so much like for you to read it. It is called "Flashes of Light" by Edward Hine. He identifies the English nation with the lost tribes of Israel, and demonstrates that our Queen is lineally descended from the Royal House of King David. You know the Israelites are not Jews, the ten tribes revolted from Judah and they became two distinct nations. It is astonishing in reading the Scriptural history of the Jews, and Israelites, keeping in mind their separation, to note how exactly the two have followed the course pointed out in the prophecies, and how exactly what is said of Israel apart from the Jews corresponds with England and the English. I had some notion of this many years ago, but I feel much more strongly and more interested now. It is quite true "that by not distinguishing Israel from Judah we set all the prophetic books at variance with each other. We make one prophet give the direct falsehood to the other". When these statements are in reality perfectly harmonious. Tom Paine fell into the common error of looking at the Jews as the House of Israel, and states boldly in his writings that he was led into infidelity because he saw that the Jews could never verify the promise given to Israel. "The very understanding of this difference between the two Houses is the key by which almost the entire Bible becomes intelligible". I must try and get the pamphlet. The one I read is the 25 thousand-and is sold in all the principal Towns of England and Scotland, also at Montreal (F. E. Grafton). I shall leave the remainder of this sheet for Papa to fill up. Referring again to the pamphlet, the writer is an Episcopalian and has some observations in that direction accordingly, but that has nothing to do with the subject in hand. I have no other home news to record, beyond the terrible slaughter amongst fowls this last week, in consequence of frozen legs. We are anxious to know how far your more lengthened wire succeeds in conveying sound. With fond love in which all unite, I am my dear Aleck,

Your affectionate Mother, E. G. Bell.